

# **IL TUTOR BURLATO.**

**NEW COMIC OPERA.**

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**Price ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.**

*1707.*

IL  
N  
KING  
TI  
S

THE TUTOR BURLATO.  
2.

NEW COMIC OPERA.



PRINTED

# IL TUTOR BURLATO.

A

NEW COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

KING's THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

THE MUSIC ENTIRELY NEW,

BY THE CELEBRATED

SIGNOR PAISIELLO,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. MAZZINGHI.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY D. STUART, NO. 31. EXETER-STREET,  
CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND.

M:DCC:LXXXVII.

Price ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

ОГЛАДУЮЩАЯ БУДУЩЕЕ

НЕВРОЛОГИЧЕСКАЯ

СТРАВОЧНАЯ

СЕТЬ ТАКИХ ПОДЪЯЧЬ

СИЛЯЩИХСЯ ВЪ КОМПАНИИ

СИЛЫ МУЗЫКИ ИНСТИТУТЫ

ROSINA;

LINDORA;

andro;

СИЛЫ ПАРИСА

Monsieur

Mademoiselle

Madem.

Madem.

Monsieur



БРИТАНСКИЙ МУЗЕЙ

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

MARTUFO, *Guardian to* } Signor ANDREA MÓRIGI;  
Rosina;

DON LEANDRO, *a Spanish Nobleman, in Love with* } Signor MENGOZZI.  
Rosina;

BERTO, *Secretary of Don Leandro* } Signor GATTOLINI.

W O M E N.

COSINA, *a Ward*; Signora BENINI.

LINDORA, *Sister of D: Leandro*; Signora SESTINI;

Ballet-Master,  
Monsieur Hus.

### Principal Dancers:

|                          |                        |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| Monseur Gojon,           | Monsieur Henry,        |
| Mademoiselle Mozon,      | Monsieur Grecourt,     |
| Madem. Eleonore Simonet, | Monsieur Hus, jun. and |
| Madem. Rosine Simonet;   | Madame Perignon.       |
| Monseur L'Aborie,        |                        |

Painter and Machinist,  
Signor GAETANO MARINARI.

Taylor and Inventor of the Dresses,  
Signor LUCCINO.

# A T T O I.

## S C E N A I.

*Giardino nella casa di Martuso.*

Rosina con lettera in mano, indi Martuso.

Ros. Grazie al Ciel, non c' è'l Tutoro :

Fido Servo ab dove sei ?

Questa lettera vorrei

Al mio bene oh Dio ! mandar.

Mar. (Ah! che vedo !) cos' è questo ?

Ros. E' una certa canzoncina

Che mi ha dato la vicina :

Ecco qui se voi volete,

Valentier la leggerò.

Mar. Fosse mai qualche viglietto ?

Ros. Ah ! Signor voi m' offendete.

Mar. Sì lo credo, via leggete —

(E' innocente già lo so.)

Ros. Al ladro, al ladro :

Non lo vedete

Per quel viale :

Correte, ajuta

Cercar io vo'.

Mar. Tacete o cara,

Me n' andero.

Ros. Non indugiate,

Presto fuggite.

Mar. Ma dov' è il ladro ?

Ros. Che non sentite

Bajar melampo ?

Mar. Non baja — oibò

(Ah che senz' altro me l' ha ficcata.)

E la canzone ? Ros. L' ho lacerata.

Mar. Sì — Ros. Il ladro — Mar. Il foglio ?

(Che dir non so)

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*A garden in the house of Martufo.*

Rosina with a letter in her hand, then Martufo.

Ros. Heaven be praised—the guardian is out of the way—where is my faithful servant? I wish to send this letter to my sweetheart,

Mar. (What do I see?) What is this for?

Ros. 'Tis nothing but a song a neighbour has given me—if you chuse, I'll read it to you with all my heart.

Mar. Is it not a billet-doux?

Ros. Do you mean to insult me?

Mar. Well, well, my dear, I believe you—read on—(I am convinced she is an innocent creature, she can have no idea of an intrigue.)

Ros. Stop thief, stop thief—don't ye see the thief? he is running away through that alley there—look, look—run after him, I'll go and fetch some people to your assistance.

Mar. Stay a moment, I'll pursue the thief by and by.

Ros. There is no time to lose, run, be quick.

Mar. But where is this thief? I see nobody.

Ros. Don't you hear the dog bark?

Mar. I hear nothing—(I'm afraid she has put a trick upon me)—Where is the song now?

Ros. I have destroyed it—

Mar. Oh oh—is it so?

Ros. Mind the thief—

Mar. The paper I say—I begin to smell a rat;—

another time I shall not be such a fool as to leave the door open.

Ros. [apart] This cursed guardian is a terrible plague to me—The monster keeps me a close prisoner; but I hope I shall find out some means or other to get rid of this torment.

Mar. I must go and look after the thief—So, Miss, be so good as to retire into your apartment—I shall take care to secure the door.

Ros. Very well—Cruel destiny!—for my own part, I don't like to be out of doors.

[Exit.]

Mar. My ward indeed is the very picture of innocence; but there is no trusting the looks of any body. These girls, that have such a modest appearance, put me in mind of covered pots—the flames are raging underneath, and it is impossible to know what boils within.

[Exit.]

## SCENE II.

Berto and Leander, then Rosina,

Ber. He is gone at last—Come, Sir, the guardian is gone.

Mar.

Lea. Be careful, lest he should surprise me here.

Ber. Will you have me knock at the door, or must I call Rosina?

Lea.

Ber.

Lea.

Ber.

*Un' altra volta  
Per cosa certa  
Mai più non lascio  
La porta aperta;  
Simil pazzia  
Più non farò.*

Ros. *Ahi fier cordoglio!  
Sorte spieata!  
Più star non voglio  
Qui imprigionata;  
Per liberarmi  
Tutto farò.*

Mar. *Presto che il ladro  
Tornar potrà;  
Entri Signora;  
Ch' io chiuderò,  
Sì, dice bene,  
(Che forte ria!  
Ed io qui fuora  
Restar non vo'.*

[Da s.]

[Parte.]

Mar. Rosina è modestina,  
Ma queste modeste spesse volte  
Son pignatte coperte  
Che le fiamme d' amor serban di sotto;  
Pajon tutte al di fuori  
Simboli di Saviezza, e d' onestà,  
Ma ciò che bolle dentro non si sa.

[Parte.]

## S C E N A II,

Berto e Leandro, *indi* Rosina.

Ber. Alfine se n' è andato;  
Venga, Signor padrone.  
Lea. Vengo, ma bada bene—  
Ber. Vuole ch' io buffi, oppure ch' io la chiami?

Lea.

*Lea.* Io non saprei, fa pure quel che vuoi.

[Ber. picchia alla porta di Rosina, ed essa comparisse alla finestra.]

*Ber.* Coraggio. *Lea.* Ancor non sente.

*Ber.* Replichiamo.

*Ros.* Chi è? *Lea.* Rosina mia.

*Ros.* Siete Leandro, oh caro—

Vi mandai poco fa una letterina

L' avete ricevuta? *Lea.* Si caro!

Eccola, la conservo

Come una gemma—Dite,

Non potete discendere un tantino?

*Ros.* Leandro ben vedete

Il geloso custode

In quai lacci mi tiene,

*Lea.* Saprò ben io spezzar queste catene;

Vostro sposo io farò.

*Ros.* Ecco ei ritorna, oh Dio!

Fuggite. *Lea.* Fuggo, a rivederci addio.

[Rosina si ritira, e Leandro parte.]

### S C E N A III.

Berto incontrandosi in Martufo.

*Ber.* (Ahimè! sono scoperto)

*Mar.* Olà chi sei? rispondi? *Ber.* Sono Berto,

*Mar.* Saresti mai per avventura il ladro

Che Rosina ha veduto?

*Ber.* Io ladro—in casa vostra

Dicono tutti che c' è un gran tesoro,

E non è maraviglia,

Se vi son molti che vi fan la caccia,

Ma non sono di quei—*Mar.* Che brutta faccia!

[Martufo si mette gl' occhiali per esaminare le fattezze di Berto.]

*Lea.* Do as you think best.

[Berto knocks at the door, and Rosina appears at the window.]

*Ber.* Don't be afraid, Sir.

*Lea.* She does not hear.

*Ber.* I'll knock again.

*Ros.* Who's there?

*Lea.* My charming Rosina—

*Ros.* Oh, oh, is it you, my dear—I have just sent you a note, did you receive it?

*Lea.* Yes, my love, and here it is—I set more value on it than on the most precious jewel—But pray, can't you come down for a moment?

*Ros.* My dear, I am locked in; you well know that my jealous guardian keeps me in a cruel confinement.

*Lea.* I hope I shall soon have an opportunity of setting you at liberty—I have a scheme in my head that will enable us to conclude our match this very day.

*Ros.* Alas! I am forced to leave you, for I see the Guardian coming—

*Lea.* Then I must be off—Adieu, my love!—my charmer adieu.

[Rosina withdraws, and Lea. exit.

### S C E N E III.

[Berto meeting Martufo.]

*Ber.* (Plague on the guardian, what shall I say to him?)

*Mar.* (What can this fellow do here!) who art thou? answer me.

*Ber.* My name, Sir, is Berto.

*Mar.* You are perhaps the thief that Rosina has seen.

*Ber.* I a thief!—I know that you have a great treasure in your house, and therefore you are very right to be on your guard. But I am an honest man.

*Mar.* It may be so, but you have a hanging look—

[Mar. puts on his spectacles, and examines the features of Berto.]

Nay, if we believe the rules set down by the famous John Porta, in his book on physiognomy, there is on thy face the evident stamp of an impostor.

Ber. My good Sir, you are very much mistaken in this particular—There's nothing in the world I hate more than imposture—I ever looked on it as a horrid monster; but I know a monster still more ferocious and dreadful, and it is called suspicion or jealousy.

*I'll make you a faithful picture of this fury—First of all, she has a pair of horns of a prodigious length, numberless eyes, but they see every object through a false medium, so that to this beast white appears black, and black white. She has likewise ears without number, but so defective, that whatever she hears leads her into a mistake. She is apt to breed phantoms and chimeras dire, feeds on nothing but scorpions, and has a sharp tremendous bill, like that of the infernal vulture, which is perpetually gnawing the heart of Cupid.*

[Exit.]

#### S C E N E IV.

Martufo, then Rosina.

Mar. This is a reflection on my jealous fears and suspicions—faith, the description is right enough—for the future I won't be jealous, I am convinced of my folly, and am determined to imitate the philosophy of a wittol. But I will call down Rosina.

[Mar. opens the door.]

Ros.

May.

Al capo sexto de physionomia.

Giovanni Porta celebre Dottore

Dice che serbi un grugno d'impostore,

Padron mio l' impostura

E' sorella carnale del sospetto,

Ed è un mostro feroce, una gran bestia,

Che reca ai cor gelosi ognor molestia,

*Vnol saper che furia è questa?*

*Vuol sapere che cos' è?*

*Ha serpenti e draghi in testa,*

*Lunga coda ed ali al piè.*

*Scorre pria radendo il suolo,*

*Piano piano svolazzando,*

*Indi sì alza reja audace;*

*Ed il volo rinforzando*

*Và da quello, và da questo*

*Fin che arriva presto presto*

*Da per tutto, creda a me.*

*L' impostura! abi brutta cosa!*

*Ciarla, fischia, atterra, uccide,*

*Getta fiamma tempestosa,*

*Lampeggiando tuona e stride,*

*E diviene alfin crescendo*

*Con tumulto generale,*

*Un fracasso universale,*

*Che stordisce per mia fe.*

[Parte.]

#### S C E N A IV.

Martufo indi Rosina.

*Mar.* O che mostro! o che bestia è l' impostura,

Ed è sorella della gelosia.

Convien scacciar dal sen questa pazzia

Più sospettar non voglio—Orsù Rosina

[*Mar. apre la porta.*

C

Ros.

*Rof.* Caro Signor Tutore eccomi qua.

*Mar.* (Caro Signor Tutore !)

(Questo caro m' imbalsama i polmoni)

Per alcune ragioni

Devo star qualche tempo fuor di casa:

Io mi fido di voi. *Rof.* Non dubitate.

[*Martuso* *finge di partire, e poi ritorna,*

*Mar.* Spero che al mio ritorno

Non vi faran disturbi,

Ma badate che 'l mondo è pien di furbi,

[*Parte,*

### S C E N A V.

*Rosina, indi Leandro,*

*Rof.* Dormo, veglio o deliro—

Basta son sola alfine, alfin respiro;

A quest' aure soavi

Che sussurano, intanto

Gli affetti miei spiegar voglio col canto,

*O care aurette,*

*Aure gradite*

*Deh voi mi dite*

*Che cosa è amor?*

*Se sia contento,*

*Se sia tormento,*

*Io ben capire*

*Non posso ancor,*

*D. Lea.* *Se non intendi*

*Amor che sia*

*Rosina mia*

*Odi da me,*

*E' un bel visetto*

*Che vezzosetto*

*Cara Rajna*

*Somiglia a te,*

*O care aurette,*

*Ref.* H

*Mar.*

heart jum

to attend

time : I I

your fidel

*Ref.* Y

*Mar.*

not that I

is full of

*Ref.* S

moment,

Guardian

a real fre

ind myse

a merry l

*Lea.*

Ros. Here I am, my dear Sir.

Mar. (My dear Sir !) (This sugary word makes my heart jump to my mouth.)—My sweet Rosina, I am obliged to attend a particular business, and shall be out for some time: I leave you the key of the house, and depend on your fidelity.

Ros. You need not have any fear.

[Martufo goes towards the scene as going away,  
but immediately returns.]

Mar. I hope you won't see any body in my absence, not that I have any suspicion—but the world, you know, is full of rogues.

[Exit.]

### S C E N E V.

Rosina, then Leander.

Ros. So little did I expect to regain my liberty at this moment, that I am afraid it is but a dream—but no—the Guardian is gone, and the door is open; I am blest with a real freedom. Well, since I am out of the cage, and find myself alone, I will reveal the wishes of my heart in a merry song.

*Who can define to me the nature of love?*

*Is it a joy, or is it a torment?*

*It is to me a riddle.*

Lea. *Rising, source of all my pain,*

*The riddle I'll explain—*

*Love's an heroic passion, which can find*

*No room in any base degenerate mind:*

*It kindles all the soul with honour's fire,*

*To make the lover worthy his desire.*

2. *What do I hear—O accents dear!*

*'Tis better far to die,*

*Than lead a gloomy life.*

*Without the sweets of love—Ah, let us try*

*To imitate the tender turtle-doves,  
No happiness can be where is no love.*

## S C E N E VI:

Leander and Rosina.

*Lean.* How come you to be here alone?

*Ros.* My Guardian is gone out on some material business, but I am too much afraid that it will not be long till he return.

*Lean.* I hope, my dear Rosina, you are fully convinced of the sincerity of my passion, and if you have no objection to a matrimonial union—

*Ros.* I am far from having any objection; but the Guardian must know it.

*Lean.* My sister has engaged to open the matter to him.

*Ros.* I expect him every moment, and lest he should surprize us here, I think it is prudent for me to withdraw. Be faithful, my dear, and I make no doubt but the God of Love will crown our wishes with success.

*Lean.* Faithful!—My heart shall ever be so to Rosina even more than the needle to the north.

*Ros.* Farewel, then, my love

*Lean.* Angelic creature, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VII.

A Room.

Lindora, then Martufo.

*Lind.* I promised to my brother that I would solicit his marriage with Rosina, and ask her Guardian's consent but I am told he is so exceedingly jealous, and beside such an unmannerly fellow, that I am afraid to meet with some disagreeable rebuke.—But who's this that comes?

*Mar.* Your most obedient.

*Lind.* I am your most devoted humble servant.

*Mar.*

*Aure cortesi  
Da voi appresi  
Amor cos' è.*

## SCENA VI.

Leandro e Rosina.

*Lea.* Come siete voi qui senza il Tutore?  
*Ros.* Uscito è per affari, ma ho timore  
Che troppo presto ei torni.  
*Lea.* Orsù Rosina bella io vo' sposarvi  
A costo della vita. *Ros.* Ma 'l Tutore  
Converrà che lo sappia.  
*Lea.* Gliene deve parlar la mia Germana.  
*Ros.* Temo ch' ei ci sorprenda;  
In casa io mene vò, non mi tradite.  
*Lea.* Oh ciel non dubitate.  
*Ros.* Addio mio ben. *Lea.* Addio luci adorate.

[Partono.]

## SCENA VII.

CAMERA.

Lindora indi Martufo.

*Liad.* Promesso ho a mio fratello  
Di parlar al Tutore di Rosina,  
E di dirgli ch' ei brama esser suo sposo;  
Ho sentito ch' egli è di lei geloso,  
Anzi un razzo villano,  
Non vorrei cimentarmi—  
Ma chi è costui che viene? *Mar.* Servo suo  
*Lind.* Umilissima serva.

*Mar.*

*Mar.* Lei chi è? *Lind.* Mi dica prima  
Chi è Voſſignoria.

*Mar.* Io ſono un galantuomo.

*Lind.* Me l'immagino. *Mar.* Cerca qualcheduno?

*Lind.* Cerco quell' animale di Martuſo.

*Mar.* Animali ſiam tutti,

Ma, Signora Martuſo è ragionevole.

*Lind.* Anzi dicono che abbia del bestjale.

*Mar.* Ma di ciò chi l' ha fatta conſapevole?

*Lind.* Ho intefo ch' è un brutale

Dalla di lui pupilla. *Mar.* Da Rosina?

*Lind.* Anzi lo ſcrifſe in un ſuo vigliettino.

*Mar.* (Ah poveretto me! coſa mai ſento!)

*Lind.* Conofce lei Martuſo?

*Mar.* Sono il miglior amico ch' abbia al mondo.

*Lind.* Ebben da parte mia

Gli dica che Lindora è ſtata qui,

F favellar voleva a lui così.

*Un onefo giovinetto*

*Ama tanto la Rosina,*

*Che delira poveretto,*

*E ſoſpira notte e di-*

*Cos' è? voi vi torcete—*

*Per buon fine qui ſi parla,*

*Sì Siguar vorria ſposarla,*

*Ve lo giuro ch' è così.*

*Anzi a dirla in due parole,*

*Si era a me raccomandato*

*Perch' io—(ma che gran ſguajato!)*

*Non m' ascolta, e in un cantone*

*Pafseggiando ſe ne ftà.)*

*Oh ſe aveffi qui un baſtone*

*Ti vorrei brutto afinaccio*

*Far capire la ragione*

*E infeñnar la civiltà.*

[Parte.  
SCENA

*Mar.* Who am I speaking to?

*Lind.* Be so good as to tell me first who you are.

*Mar.* I am an honest man,

*Lind.* It may be so.

*Mar.* Pray, who are you looking for?

*Lind.* I am looking for a certain creature called Martufo.

*Mar.* Under your favour, Madam, we are all creatures; I can, however, assure you that Martufo is a rational creature,

*Lind.* I am informed that he is a downright brute.

*Mar.* And pray, my good Madam, where did you get this information?

*Lind.* I got it from his ward.

*Mar.* From Rosina?

*Lind.* Nay, she wrote it in one of her *billet-doux*.

*Mar.* (I am thunderstruck!)

*Lind.* Pray, Sir, are you acquainted with Mr. Martufo?

*Mar.* He is the best friend I have in the world.

*Lind.* Since it is so, I take the liberty of charging you with a message. The first time you see him, be so good as to tell him that Madam Lindora has been here, and that her business is as follows:—

*There is a clever young fellow over head and ears in love with Rosina, and quite distracted for her.—*

*What's the matter with you? Why do you frown?*

*You need not apprehend any dishonourable intention:*

*he means to marry her—He has no other design,*

*I assure you: and, to tell you the whole, he has desired me to come—(But what does this fellow mean!*

*he won't listen to me, and walks up and down while I am speaking.)—Sir, I am astonished at your behaviour! You are an ignorant, impertinent fellow,*

*and if I had one of my servants with me, I would order him to teach you better manners with a good caning.*

[Exit.

SCENE

## SCENE VIII.

Martufo, then Rosina

*Mar.* Ah, deceitful Rosina! She says I am too suspicious! Faith, I have reason to be so.

*Ros.* (apart) The Guardian is muttering something to himself; he looks quite disconcerted; I am afraid he has discovered my intrigue with Leander,

*Mar.* Oh, is it you, Rosina? Pray, can you give me some news of your young spark?

*Ros.* Are you fallen again into one of your jealous fits?

*Mar.* Why do you blush then?

*Ros.* It is indignation for your ill usage that calls up the blood in my cheeks.

*Mar.* Yes, yes; I know that you make sad complaints of me, and that you call me a brute.—A lady this very moment has informed me of every thing.

*Ros.* My dear Sir, this is too much; you seem to take a pleasure in wounding my poor heart with chimerical suspicions and undeserved reproaches. [Crying.

*Mar.* (That *Dear* again plays hell with me, and all my resentment is drowned in those tears)—Poor thing!—What innocence! What simplicity!—Don't cry, my love; I see it very plain now, I was deceived; the lady told me a story. Delicious Rosina, your grief turns my brain quite topsy-turvy—my heart is all in a flame—it burns like tinder, nay, it goes pit-a-pat—Cupid never ceases to knock at my breast—Why, I am afraid the urchin takes it for an anvil.

*My blood is in such a strange motion, that I feel like one stung by some Tarantula—But, oh! what thought can paint the perfection of your charms!—Not sea-born Venus, surrounded by the enchanting Graces*

f f f

S C E N A VIII.

Martufo indi Rosina.

Mar. Ah Rosina briccona lie poi si dice  
Ch' io sono sospetto.

[Da sei]

Ros. Sembra torbido affai,  
Certo vi son de' guai,  
Qualche cosa ha saputo;

Mar. E' un pezzo che veduto  
Hai l' amante grazioso e giovinetto?

Ros. Eccoci li col solito sospetto,

Mar. Perchè vi fate rossa? Ros. Per la rabbia,

Mar. Una Dama mi ha detto poco fa  
Che di me vi lagnate,

Che di brutale il titolo mi date.

Ros. Caro Signor Tutore

Voi non pensate che a spezzarmi il core  
Con sospetti, ohimere ed imposture. [Piangendo.]

Mar. Ah quel caro m' uccide,  
Ah quel pianto m' animazza,

Ahi povera ragazza! Oh che innocenza! che semplicità!

Non piangete carina, La cosa ora mi è nota;

La Dama mi ha piantato una carota.

Oh Dio! Rosina mia— Non so che dir, mi sento un certo foggia,

Ma non è foco, sembra un martellotto  
Che un' incudine fa di questo petto.

Certa smania già mi sento:

Ah non so cosa farei:

Quel visino è un gran portento

Quella man la mangerei;

Poi quei labbri, quegli occhietti

Son due stelle---altro che stelle,

Son due piccole fiammelle  
Che consumano il mio cor.  
Una dolce tua occhiatina,  
Una mezza parolina,  
Non so dir cosa mi facciano,  
Ma mi fan quel ch' altra femina  
Nel mio cor giammai non fesi.  
Anime innamorate qui ad ore,  
Se lo provaste mai,  
Ditelo voi per me.

[Parte.]

*Ros.* Finchè di me si fida,  
E mi lascia qui sola,  
Voglio almen da lontano  
Procurar di veder il caro bene,  
Ch' è l' unica eagion delle mie pene.

[Parte.]

### S C E N A IX.

*Leandro e Lindora indi Rosina.*

*Lean.* Dunque parlato avete a mio favore?  
*Lind.* Parlat' ho ad un amico del Tuttore.  
*Lean.* Sapete voi chi fosse? *Lind.* Un uom garbato  
Già di me mezzo cotto e innamorato.  
*Lean.* Quanto fiete felice,  
*Ros.* Chi sa mai cosa dice. *In disparti.*  
Leandro a quella Dama,  
*Lind.* Felice mi credete? *Lean.* Senza dubbio,  
*Lind.* Felice è sol chi vive allegramente  
Senza pensar a niente.

*Mio caro Leandro.*

*Son dunque felice.*

*Lind.*

*Graces can match your brightness in my dazzling fancy. Your legs, your arms, your hands, your neck, your breasts, so nicely shap'd, so matchless in their lustre, such all perfection, that I take whole draughts of killing love.*

*Cupid has ta'en a surfeit from your eyes,  
Whene'er you smile, in lambent fire he fries,  
And when you weep, in pearls dissolv'd he dies--  
Ye tender souls that witness my sad pain,  
Sure you'll agree that love has crack'd my brain.*

[Exit.]

*Ros.* He seems fully convinced of my innocence, else he would not have suffered me to remain here alone; I will take advantage of this circumstance, and endeavour to see Leander.

[Exit.]

### S C E N E IX.

*Leander and Lindora, then Rosina.*

*Lean.* So you have spoke in my favour.

*Lind.* I desired a friend of the Guardian to acquaint him with your matrimonial intention.

*Lean.* Do you know who this friend was?

*Lind.* I do not know his name; but he did not seem to be a very polite man, though I have some reason to think that the irregularity of his behaviour proceeded from the confusion of love, as he appeared suddenly struck with my person,

*Lean.* Sister, you are very happy.

*Ros. [apart.]* What busines can Leander have with that lady?

*Lind.* Do you really think I am happy?

*Lean.* Certainly I do.

*Lind.* I fear I have too many cravings to be happy--

*In wishing nothing we enjoy still most;*

*For ev'n our wish is in possession lost;*

Restless we wander to a new desire,  
And burn ourselves by blowing up the fire:  
We toss and turn about our feverish will,  
When all our ease must come by lying still.

Yet my dear Leander, I am not displeased that you think  
me happy.

Lean. You are successful in love, which is the height of  
human happiness.

Ros. (She called him her dear—sure they are talking of  
love.)

Lind. I must confess that my eyes have made many brill-  
iant conquests.

Ros. (Perfidious man! how I am deluded!)

Lean. I hope you won't be unkind to your new gallant.

Ros. (The turtle flies not from his billing mate, he bills  
the closer: but ungrateful man, base barbarous man, the  
more we raise our love, the more we pall, and cool, and chill  
his ardour.)

Lean. My cares begone.

Lind. And my joys be loud.

Ros. I am almost choaked with rage. [Exit Rosina.

### SCENE X.

Berto, Leander, and Lindora.

Ber. Sir, I have something of consequence to tell you;

Lean. What is it? be quick.

Ber. I have just heard the Guardian quarrel with his  
Ward.

Lean. For what reason?

Ber. Why, I think he has discovered the whole, he  
knows that Rosina sent you a billet-doux, and that you  
intend to marry her.

Lean. How could he come to the knowledge of all that?

Ber. He says, that a lady has told him every thing.

Lind. O, now I have it—I am afraid that the person I  
spoke to, was Martufo himself.

Lind.

Lean. *Di fiamma infelice,*

*Non senti l' ardor,*

Ros. *(Suo caro gli dice,*

*Discorron d' amor.)*

Lind. *Quest' occhio brillante*

*Conquiste fa ognor.*

Ros. *(Superba-incostante,*

*M' insultano ancor.)*

Lean. *Non far la crudele*

*Col nuovo amator.*

Ros. *(M' inganna infedele*

*E finse finor.)*

Lind. *La gioja il piacere*

Ros. *La rabbia il tormento*

Lean. *In questo momento*

*Mi sento nel cor,*

[Parte Rosina.]

### S C E N A X.

Berto, Leandro, e Lindora.

Ber. Signor una parola.

Lean. Che c' è? sbrigati presto.

Ber. Ho sentito il Tutore che sgridava

Con ja pupilla. Lean. Oimè! per qual ragione?

Lind. Perchè 'l Tutore è un asino e un barone.

Ber. Ha scoperto ogni cosa

Del biglietto amoroso,

E che bramate di essere lo sposo

Di Rosina. Lean. E in che modo

Saputo ha del biglietto?

Ber. Una certa Damina glie l' ha detto.

Lind. Or mi viene un riflesso,

L' amico di Martuso era egli stesso.

Lind.

Ber. Non vuol più che Rosina esca di casa;

Lean. Ahimè son disperato;

Ber. Non temete, il rimedio l' ho trovato.

L' oro fa tutto, al servo

Del Tutore ho promesso un buon regalo,

Lean. Prendi questa mia borsa, in te mi fido.

[Gli dà una borsa]

Ber. Sia Martuso geloso quant' el vuole,

Hanno sì gran virtù questi lampanti,

Che vi daran Rosina in pochi istanti,

Lind. Dite, questa Rosina è bella assai?

Lean. Bella? Non v' è nel mondo

Un più amabil visino; I pregi suoi

Son tanto singolari,

Che nel pensarci sol divento matto;

Un abbozzo vi fo del suo ritratto.

*Quando parla, ah quant' è cara!*

*Quando ride, ah quant' è bella!*

*Par di Venere gemella;*

*Sembra il sol della beltà.*

*Ha un labbretto ruminetto,*

*Occhi azzurri, ciglia nere,*

*D' oro il crin, d' avorio il petto;*

*O che garbo! che grazietta!*

*Che sgrade amabil volto!*

*S' io la miro, s' io l' ascolto,*

*Dalla gioja, dal piacere*

*Liquefando il cor si va.*

[Parte con Berto e Lindora]

SCENE

Ber. Now he keeps a strict watch on Rosina, and never leaves her alone.

Lean. If it is so, I am a desperate wretch indeed!

Ber. A wise man never despairs, there is no difficulty without a resource, and I have found one for you. You know that gold does every thing, it possesses a kind of omnipotence, it makes black white, foul fair, and wrong right—I have promised a considerable present to the servant of the Guardian.

Lean. Well, take my purse, [gives him a purse] I trust my success to thy ingenuity.

Ber. If the jealousy of Martufo had more eyes than Argus, I would engage to blind them all with this gold; to pluck up a good heart, and be sure that Rosina will soon be in your arms.

Lind. But pray is this Rosina such an extraordinary beauty as to deserve the extraordinary pains you take for her? I saw only a very slight resemblance to her.

Lean. The world never saw a lovelier face, nor so many enchanting accomplishments in a female object. Only to think of her, it makes my blood boil in my veins, it makes me run mad—I shall draw her picture for you in a few words.

*When she speaks, she displays the eloquence of the Sirens,  
when she smiles, she shews all the attractive charms  
of the Graces—Venus compared to her, is like the  
Moon put in competition with the Sun. Oh! she is  
fairer than the summer beauty of the fields, she is as  
opening flowers untainted yet with wind, the pride  
of nature and the joy of sense. Her panting lips  
invite the kisses of Cupid, her blue eyes have more  
brightness than Heaven in its full glory—O, she's a  
Temple sacred by birth, and built by hands divine:  
Her soul's the Deity that lodges there.*

[Exit. with Berto and Lindora.

SCENE

## SCENE XI.

Martufo, and Rosina.

*Mari.* What's the matter, Rosina? You do not seem in good spirits. Can I presume to know the cause of your seeming uneasiness?

*Ros.* Oh! you are mistaken, Sir; I have no reason to be uneasy—(cruel insolent Leander!) even I—

*Mar.* Will you have a cap in the new fashion'd

*Ros.* I don't want any cap.

*Mar.* Will you have money to buy new clothes, or jewels?

*Ros.* Keep the money for yourself—(I hope I shall have an opportunity of taking a full revenge on the faithless Leander.)

*Mar.* Will you have a fan, a cake, or a Christmas pie? I am ready to do any thing to please you.

*Ros.* You have not yet offered to give me what I like,

*Mar.* I suppose you would have a husband?

*Ros.* You have almost guessed it.

*Mari.* Well, I have a husband for you.

*Ros.* Where is he? Big tall waltz lass! I—baaarr!

*Mar.* What think you of this countenance and Parisian deportment?

*Ros.* Foh! no, no, no, waltz lass!

*Mar.* Sure, I think I am a pretty fellow—mark this elegant shape—Why, I have the back of Atlas, and the very look of Cupid!

*Ros.* I am not at present in a humour to joke—find me a good husband, if you have any regard for me, you will not oppose my inclination.

*I am tired of living by myself, and as I see that you love me, I hope you'll have no objection to find me partner for life. I long for matrimony—*

*When fix'd to one, love safe at anchor rides,  
And dares the fury of the wind and tides.*

## S C E N E XI.

Martufo e Rosina.

*Mar.* Ma Rosina cos' ha? si può sapere.*Ros.* Io non ho niente. (Oh Dio!

Ah Leandro crudele.

Mentitor infedele!)

*Mar.* Una scuffia volete alla gran moda?*Ros.* Non me ne curo. *Mar.* Un vezzo,

Un diamante da metter sul tuppè?

*Ros.* Se lo tenga per se: (L' ingannator l' avrà da far con me.)*Mar.* Volete un bel ventaglio, un falbalà?

Cara non so per te cosa farei.

*Ros.* Voi non mi dite mai quel che vorrei.*Mar.* Vorresti un marituccio?*Ros.* Quasi quasi l' avete indovinato.*Mar.* Ebbene il marituccio l' ho trovato.*Los.* Dov' è? *Mar.* Cara Rosina

Osserva questa faccia parigina.

*Ros.* Oh Dio! *Mar.* Che non son bello?

Non son fatto a pennello?

Son nelle spalle Atlante,

Ed un vero Cupido nel sembiante.

*Ros.* Non è tempo di scherzi,

Trovatemi uno sposo che mi piaccia,

Se mi amate davver Signor Tutore,

Per pietà consolate questo scorso.

*Voi mi amate già lo vedo,**E da voi lo sposo io voglio;**Uno sposo, sì lo credo**Mi saprete procurar.**Ah sceglietemi un marito**Tutto vezzo, tutto brio,*

*Altrimenti Padron mio*

*Lo saprò da me trovar.*

[Parte]

### S C E N A XII.

*Martufo indi Lindora.*

*Mar.* Ci mancherebbe questa,  
Che trovar le doveffi anch'io lo sposo.  
*Lind.* (Ecco il Tutor geloso.)  
*Mar.* (Questa è quella Signora, che poc' anzi  
Mi diede del brutale per la testa.)  
*Lind.* (Ah mi rincresce assai  
Che così bestialmente il maltrattai.)  
*Mar.* (Parto, che fo?) *Lind.* Potrei  
La grazia d' uno sguardo aver da lei?  
(Conviene ch' io lo plachi.)  
*Mar.* Ha forse preparata  
Qualche altra impertinenza od ambasciata?  
*Lind.* Ah mi perdoni, non lo conoscea.  
*Mar.* (Tant' umile costei non mi parea.)  
*Lind.* (Mi guarda, è segno che non gli dispiaccio.)  
Permettere mi vuol che qualche volta  
Alla di lei graziosa pupilluccia  
Venga a fare un tantin di compagnia.  
*Mar.* Oh delle Donne non ho gelosia;  
Venga pur---no non venga. *Lind.* Sì o no?  
*Mar.* Sì, venga pure, ma con questo patto  
Che non cerchi di dar sposo a Rosina,  
La riverisco intanto. *Lind.* Le son serva  
[*Martufo parte.*]  
Non dubitar che presto  
In tua casa venir tu mi vedrai,  
E mio amante, e marito diverrai. [Parte.]

### S C E N A

*But you must find me a complaisant, tender, and sprightly fellow---If you don't, I shall look out for one for myself.*

[Exit,

### S C E N E XII.

Martufo, then Lindora.

*Mar.* She gives me a fine task indeed---I must find her a husband---Sure, she takes me for an idiot.

*Lind.* (Oh, here is the jealous Guardian.)

*Mar.* (This is the lady that paid me so many handsome compliments.)

*Lind.* (I am sorry that I abused him so much.)

*Mar.* (I won't take any notice of her.)

*Lind.* Sir, I am your most obedient humble servant, how do ye do? I am extremely happy to see you---(I must endeavour to soothe him with some flattering words.)

*Mar.* Do you come here again to insult me, or have you some other message for my ward?

*Lind.* Dear Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons; I did not know you.

*Mar.* (Now she speaks in a quite submissive tone.)

*Lind.* (He rivets his eyes on me---I am sure I have strick his fancy.) If you give me leave, I shall take the liberty to pay a visit to your ward.

*Mar.* I have no objection---I am not jealous of the ladies; you may see Rosina when you please---but I think 'tis better not.

*Lind.* Why not?

*Mar.* Well you may; but on this condition, that you shall never talk to her of matrimony---I am your humble servant.

[Exit.

*Lind.* Your most obedient---I'll come on purpose to talk of matrimony; for my plan is to ensnare him into the net of love, and to fix him for my husband.

[Exit.

## SCENE XIII.

*A great Room in the House of Martufo,*

Rosina and Berto, then Martufo, afterwards Leander,  
and lastly Lindora.

*Rof.* 'Tis in vain that you endeavour to excuse him, I shall never forget his infidelity.

*Ber.* I tell you again that he is not unfaithful, he loves you with the greatest ardour, and I am sure you will soon be convinced of his sincerity—

*Rof.* His inconstancy has forfeited my affections.

*Ber.* Madam, you deceive yourself.

*Rof.* You cannot persuade me---If you see Leander, you may frankly tell him that he must not think of me any more. [ *Rof.* exit.]

*Ber.* The bickerings of lovers are a kind of sauce that gives a relish to their passion.

*Mar.* Pray, Sir, who opened the door for you ?

*Ber.* Your servant,

*Mar.* Who ?

*Ber.* Your own servant, I say---(I was obliged to bribe him for it.)

*Mar.* My house is become an inn, ever full of strangers.

*Ber.* I have something to tell you concerning your treasure.

*Mar.* What treasure ?

*Ber.* The treasure concealed in your house.

*Mar.* 'Tis more than I know---Can you tell me where this treasure lies ?

*Ber.* Certainly I can.

*Mar.* You are a rare fellow indeed.

*Ber.* But this is not a proper place to speak of such a secret.

*Mar.* Well, we'll retire into the closet,

*Ber.* (In the mean time, Leander shall have an opportunity of speaking to Rosina.)

*Mar.*

## SCENA XIII.

*Sala in Casa di Martufo,*

Rosina, e Berto, *indi* Martufo, *poi* Don Leandro, *finalmente* Lindora.

*Ros.* Tu difendi quel crudele,  
No non merita pietà.

*Ber.* Ma Leandro v' è fedele,  
E fra poco qui verrà.

*Ros.* Venga pur quell' incostante—

*Ber.* Non è vero, è un fido amante.

*Ros.* Il mio cor non è più quello,  
Nè mai più si cambierà. [Rosina parte.]

*Ber.* Sì quel cor è troppo bello,  
Alla fin si placherà.

*Mar.* Buona sera mio Signore,  
Chi gli ha aperto? *Ber.* Il servitore:

*Mar.* Chi? *Ber.* Il servitore.  
(Con lo sbruffo, già si fa.)

*Mar.* La mia casa è una locanda,  
Uno viene e l' altro va.

*Ber.* Ma cospetto—del tesoro  
Io volea parlarvi quâ.

*Mar.* Del tesoro? *Ber.* Sì padrone.

*Mar.* In tal caso ha ben ragione.

*Ber.* Ah quel servo val tant' oro  
*Mar.* Quanto pesa in verità.

*Ber.* Ma parlar in questo loco—

*Mar.* Dunque andiam nel gabinetto.

*Ber.* (E Leandro poveretto  
Con Rosina parlerà.)

*Mar.* { Presto, presto, che l' affare  
*Ber.* } E' di somma serietà.

[Partono]

*Lean.* Zitto, giachè 'l Tutore  
 Con Berto se n' è andato,  
 All' idolo adorato

*Mar.**Ber.**Lean.*

V

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Ros. W

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*Lean.* T

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Ros. Fin

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*Lean.* W

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*Ros.* Chi mi vuole?  
*Lean.* Cara non più parole,  
 La sposa mia tu sei,  
 Da lacci così rei  
 Ti vengo a liberar.

(Misera me! che sento!  
 Qualch' altro tradimento  
 Costui mi viene a far,  
 O Ciel, che tirannia!  
 Mi voglio vendicar.)

*Lean.* Ah presto andiamo via,  
 Martuso può tornar.

*Ros.* Nascondo in quella camera  
 Di là non vi movete,  
 Ed io ritorno subito,  
 E poi potremo andar.  
 (Indegno, disleale,

Davver l' hai da pagar.

*Lean.* Deh cessa col tuo strale  
 Amor di faettar.

Confuso, sbigottito

Ah dove deggio entrar!

Mi disse l' idol mio:

Sì sì qui deggio entrar.

[Entra da parte opposta a quella accennata  
 da Rosina.

*Lind.* Io vengo per Rosina,  
 E per Martuso ancora,

2. Mar. } We must be expeditious ; for it is an affair  
2. Ber. } of the utmost consequence. [Exeunt.

Lean. While Berto detains the Guardian in the closet,  
I shall endeavour to run away with Rosina—my love, my  
dear Rosina, where are you ?

Ros. Who calls ?

Le. 'Tis your Leander, your faithful lover—I come to  
deliver you from your bondage, and to offer you the pure  
and ineffable joys of wedded love.

Ros. (His treachery has turned my mind—I'll be re-  
engaged.)

Lean. There is no time to lose, we must run away this  
instant, ere Martuso comes out of the closet.

Ros. First I must go and fetch a bundle I have got  
ready—Hide yourself in that room, and wait there till I  
return; we shall then run away—(I'll serve him as  
perfidiousness deserves.) [Exit.

Lean. What heavenly beauty ! what surprizing charms !  
How I burn to clasp them in my arms—I am all con-  
fusion and perplexity—I feel a crowd of fears dancing  
in my mind. But this is the room where Rosina desired  
to conceal myself—I must go in—every moment now  
seems to me longer than eternity.

[Leander mistakes the room, and enters  
on the opposite side.

[Part 2nd. I come here for Rosina, but more for the sake of  
Martuso—I am sure he loves me, though he has  
not

not yet declared himself [*a noise within*]—But what can this noise mean? I'll withdraw into that room, that can not be seen.

[Enters the door opposite to the room where Leander is concealed.]

## SCENE XIV.

Martufo, Rosina, and servants.

*Mar.* Zounds! I'll play hell with him.

*Ros.* Don't speak so loud.

*Mar.* But where is he?

*Ros.* Softly, I say—He came here with a brazen face, and wanted me to run away with him.

*Mar.* What unheard-of temerity! But where is he?

*Ros.* He is conceal'd in that room.

*Mar.* Out, villain! out—

*Lind.* What's the matter, my dear Sir? What can the motive of so much blustering? I hope I have given you no offence—I came here only to present you my humble respects.

*Mar.* What do I see? what can this mean!

*Ros.* (This is my rival—I wonder what business she can have in this house! Faith, she must have a good deal of assurance.)

*Mar.* But, Rosina, this is a lady.

*Ros.* (To Leander) Come out, and let me see I am not deceived in you. (Leander comes out.)

201

*Ros.*

*Mar.*

Chi fa forse m' adora;  
E dir non lo vorrà.  
Ma quali grida io sento! [Si sente strepito.  
Che chiasso! che rumore!  
Ohimè! mi batte il core,  
Mi vo' nasconder quà.

[Entra nella camera opposta a quella dove  
stà Leandro.]

## S C E N A IV.

Martufo, e Rosina con Servi.

*Mar.* Corpo di Bacco?  
*Ros.* Zitto tacete.  
*Mar.* Ma dov' è andato?  
*Ros.* Zitto, il saprete;  
Volea l' indegnò  
Portarmi via.  
*Mar.* Rosina mia,  
Che iniquità!  
*Ros.* In quella camera  
Racchiuso sta.  
*Mar.* Fuora Vigliacco  
Presto ove sei?  
*Lind.* Serva di lei,  
Che male ho fatto;  
Venni per tratto  
Di civiltà.  
*A. 3.* Che imbroglio è questo!  
Confuso io testo,  
Ciò che significa?  
Che mai farà!  
*Ros.* (Veder di faccia  
La mia rivale.)  
*Mar.* Ma questa è Donna.  
Qui non c' è male.

*Rof.* C' era 'l suo amante,  
Io l' ho veduto.  
*Lind.* Mi maraviglio,  
Ciò ver non è.  
*Mar.* Ma lei che c' entra?  
Che vuol da me?  
*Lind.* Lei m' ha invitata  
Con tutto amore.  
*Rof.* Me ne rallegra  
Signor Tutore.  
*'Mar.* (Ah la pupilla.  
S' è ingelosita:  
Femina ardita  
La strozzo affè.)  
*A. 3.* Per la gran rabbia,  
Dèliro e fremo,  
Vacillo e tremo  
Da capo a piè.  
*Ber.* Che gran bisbiglio è questa?  
*Lean.* Ah Berto che terrore!  
Che farmi più non so.  
*Rof.* E' quello il Traditore,  
Negar più non si può.  
*Mar.* Ah presto trucidate,  
Scannate lo ammazzatelo.  
*Lean.* Indietro quanti siete.  
*Ber.* Fermatevi, che avete?  
*Lind.* Io lo difenderò:  
Fratello qui vi trovo?  
*Lean.* Sorella qui che fate?  
*Rof.* (Sorella! ah stelle ingrate!  
(O gelosia crudele!  
(L' amante era fedele,  
(Perduto ho il caro ben.)

Rof. I suppose she came after her lover ; for I have seen him in that room.

Lind. You are very impudent, Miss—you tell a fib.

Mar. But, under your favour, Madam, how come you to be here ? What do you want in this house ?

Lind. Have you not invited me ?

Rof. Oh, oh ! is it so ? My good Sir, I give you joy.

Mar. (Now this frontless woman has raised a suspicion in the mind of Rosina—The Devil take her. Were it not for the respect I have for her sex, I would kick her out of my house.)

I feel within all the fire of rage,

3. } Legions of spleenful spirits fill my breast,

Ber. What can be the meaning of all this combustion !

Lean. Ah ! dear Berto, my mind is in a strange perturbation—I don't know what to do.

Rof. There there is the man I mean, the fellow who solicited me to run away with him.

Mar. Fall on the traitor, kill him, hang him, chop off his head.

Lean. Stand off, villains ! or by Jove, I'll make ghosts of you all.

Ber. What's this quarrel for ?

Lind. Whoever offers an insult to my brother shall answer me for it.

Lean. Sister, what are you doing here ?

Rof. (Sister ! Oh, my foolish jealousy ! How have I been mistaken ! Leander was faithful—Alas ! my suspicions have undone me.

*Mar.* } This strange confusion makes me run mad.  
*Ber.* }

*Ros.* }  
*Lea.* } My senses are quite distracted.  
*Lind.*

*All.* My blood boils in my veins ; the storm is up, and  
 my heart swelling with indignation splits with the rack.

*Mar.* Dear Rosina, what do ye say to this ?

*Ros.* Away, be gone.

*Mar.* What's become of the treasure, you sinner ?

*Ber.* I'll have nothing to do with you ; you are a brain-  
 less fellow.

*Mar.* And you, good Madam, are you likewise set  
 against me ? Let me intreat you to still your resentment.

*Lind.* I am as inexorable as the roaring sea.

*Mar.* And you, my good Sir, will you have Rosina for  
 your wife ?

*Lean.* Avaunt ! old blockhead be gone.

*Mar.* Be gone yourself ; you are a rogue, an impostor,  
 a cheat—By the Lord Harry, I'll send you all to the  
 Devil—Madness ! confusion ! I will blow you up like  
 dust—Make way for fire and tempest, my brain is burst.

*All except Martufo.* He foams, he raves ; his words are  
 loose as heaps of sand, and scattering wide from sense :  
 his haggard eyes look like two fiery comets ; his bosom  
 swells with the rage of empty tygers and wounded lions—  
 he must be secured, let him be chained.

*Mar.* These infamous villains, these monsters have con-  
 spired my ruin, my perdition, my dissolution—Tempests  
 and whirlwinds through my bosom move—Revenge, de-  
 structive and bloody revenge, come to the aid of my  
 fury.

*Mar.* { Io credo d'esser matto;  
*Ber.* {  
*Rof.* {  
*Lean.* { Io m' impazzisco affatto.  
*Lind.* {  
*Tutti.* Ho tutto il sangue in moto,  
 Mi balla il core in sen.  
*Mar.* Rosina, che dici?  
*Rof.* Andate, non v' ascolto.  
*Mar.* Ma che tesoro amico.  
*Ber.* Partite, siete un stolto.  
*Mar.* Voi siete troppo amabile;  
*Lind.* Ah sono inesorabile.  
*Mar.* Rosina, la volete?  
*Lean.* Andate quanti siete.  
*Mar.* Sì certo, andate al Diavolo:  
 Che furbo che briccone!  
 Cospetto cospettone!  
 Nessun più mi trattien.

*Tutti, eccetto Martufo.*

Ha quegli occhi che spirano foco,  
 Ha quel gesto sì spaventato,  
 Ah! si vede ch' è pazzo arrabbiato,  
 C' è bisogno di farlo legar.

*Mar.* Ah mi sento nel seno un gran foco,  
 Son da tutti così assassinato;  
 Quest' infami me l' han da pagar.

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

## A T T O II.

## SCENA I.

STRADA.

Berto &amp; Martuso.

Ber. NEL meglio del negozio  
Mi lasciate soletto  
Come un vero balocco in gabinetto.  
Mar. Compatitemi o caro,  
Sapete che disturbo è nato in casa.  
Ber. A proposito, quella  
Amabile Signora  
Ch' era nascosta in camera, vi adora.  
Mar. Mi adora? Ber. Certamente.  
Mar. Mi viene adesso in testa un bel raggio—  
[Dase.] Voglio veder d' ingelosir Rosina,  
Perchè m' ami davvero. Ber. Per sposa  
Donna aver non potete più vezzosa.  
Mar. Poich' ella mi vuol bene,  
Potete dirle ch' io  
Non son fatto di sasso,  
Che se vuol—m' intendete,  
Meglio di me spiegar voi vi saprete.  
Ber. Lasciate far a me, non dubitate,  
Io vi farò ottener ciò che bramate.

*Tutto farò per voi,  
Di tutto disponete,  
In me un amico avrete,  
E fido vi farò.  
Per un amico faccio portentti,  
Non mi contento di complimenti,  
Per un amico so quel che dico:  
Non dubitate, tutto farò.*

[Parte.

SCENA

## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

A STREET.

Berto and Martufo.

Ber. I hope you have recovered your senses—You left me like a fool in the closet in the middle of my story, precisely at the moment that I was explaining the nature of your treasure.

Mar. You must excuse me, you know very well what strange disorder my house was in at the time.

Ber. A-propos, I must not forget to tell you, that the lady who was in part the cause of the confusion, deserves to be pitied, for she is dying for you.

Mar. What, for love?

Ber. Yes, for love.

Mar. [apart] An idea strikes me that I may turn this circumstance to my advantage respecting Rosina—I'll endeavour to wound her pride, and excite her jealousy—Tis one of the most hopeful tricks that can be played on the heart of a woman.

Ber. You ought to marry her—you cannot find a more agreeable lady for your wife.

Mar. Well, since she has a *penchant* for me, you may tell her that I am not made of marble, and that if she chuses—you understand me—I leave you to explain her the rest.

Ber. You cannot trust your business in better hands than mine—I have a peculiar knack for an intrigue—I am sure to manage your affair to your entire satisfaction.

*You may command me on every occasion, I profess a sincere regard for you, and am none of your sycophants and hollow men—I am a warm friend, as well as an implacable foe—*

*My gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,  
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.* [Exit.]

*Mar.*

## SCENE II.

Martufo and Rosina.

*Mar.* Rosina, you are come very opportunely—I am obliged to go out on a visit, and beg you will take care of the house in my absence.

*Ros.* [apart] Faith, this is much better than I expected—since I find him in a good humour, I will try to ensnare his credulity with some soft deluding words—I suppose it is to a lady that you are going to pay a visit—

*Mar.* Yes, to Madam Lindora—

*Ros.* The lady that was concealed in the room?

*Mar.* (She begins to be jealous.) The very same—I only go to spend an hour in her company.

*Ros.* (I wish he might go for ever—but to cast a blind over his suspicions, I'll pretend that his visit has thrown me into a fit of jealousy.)—What have I done, to see my youth, my love and my beauty no sooner gained, but slighted and betrayed! and, like a rose just gathered from the stalk, but only smelt, and thrown aside to wither on the ground! O treacherous men! you are more false than the wind, more fickle than the weather.

*Ye soft-hearted fair ones, who wish to reach the paradise of love, you'll never be able to gain your end, unless constancy, the lover's guardian angel, leads the way. Your tenderness and your charms can avail you nothing—you must look for a sweet fellow, all complaisance and affection, and firmly attached to you by the power of sympathy.* [Exit]

*Mar.* I have at last found the secret of engaging the affections of Rosina—jealousy is called the poison of love, but it often proves the food of a passion. Like the wind, it is apt to put out, as well as to blow up the flame.

[Exit]

SCENE

## SCENA II.

Martufo e Rosina.

*Mar.* Rosina appunto a tempo siete giunta,  
Vado a far una visita; frattanto  
Vi prego d' aver l' occhio  
Agli affari di casa.

*Ros.* (Principia molto bene,  
Ma per far meglio fingere conviene.)  
Suppongo che la visita diretta  
Sarà a qualche Signora?

*Mar.* Sì, vado da Lindora.

*Ros.* Da colei ch' era in camera nascosta?

*Mar.* (Comincia esser gelosa.  
Vò sol per un' oretta

A farle compagnia.

*Ros.* (Fingasi gelosia.) Uomini Traditori!  
In voi non c' è più fede;  
Sventurata la donna che vi crede.

*Care donne innamorate*  
*Che felici esser bramate,*  
*Canzonate ognor sarete*  
*Se vi manca un non so che.*  
*L' esser tenere di pasta,*  
*L' esser belle non vi basta;*  
*Ma ci vuole un zerbino,*  
*Che sia tutto amor e fè.* [Parte.]

*Mar.* Finalmente Rosina c' è cascata,  
La gelosia d' amor spesso è il veleno,  
Ma talor le sue fiamme accende in seno. [Parte.]

## S C E N A III.

*Camera in Casa di D. Leandro.*

Lindora e Leandro, indi Berto, poſcia Martufo, finalmente Rosina.

*Lind.* Ah fratello. *Lean.* Ah sorella,  
Io ſono diſperato,  
Il mio decoro è andato.  
*Liad.* Considerate il mio—  
Intanto che ſi penſa, che ſi fa?  
*Lean.* Ecco Berto che viene, ce'l dirà.  
Che nuove porti? *Ber.* Buone, anzi buonissime;  
Ho intefo la pupilla,  
Che piena di coraggio  
Gridava col Tutor. *Lean.* Fofe innocente  
La mia cara Rosina—  
*Lind.* Quella faccia non è da innocentina.  
*Ber.* Persuafio ho il Tutor che voi l' amate;  
Non ſo ſe ho fatto bene;  
Egli verrà a vedervi—Ecco già viene.  
*Lind.* Bravo Signor Martufo—  
*Ber.* La gelosia l' ha fatta andar in collera [a Mar.  
Vedete di placarla  
Con eſpreſſioni tenere e galanti.  
*Mar.* Signora mia voi ſiete una Penelope.  
*Lind.* La ringrazio. *Ber.* Ci von parole tenere.  
*Mar.* Mille volte di Venere  
Madamina voi ſiete più Leggiadra,

## SCENE III.

*A Room in the House of D. Leander.*

Lindora and Leander, then Berto, afterwards Martufo,  
and finally Rosina.

*Lind.* Ah! dear brother—

*Leaud.* Ah! dear sister—I am undone, my bleeding  
heart is made a prey to black despair.

*Lind.* Despair proceeds from meanness of spirit; there  
is no difficulty in the world, but may be overcome by  
courage and resolution; and besides, your case is not quite  
so desperate as you think; there are still many things to be  
tried that may turn up the tables and insure your success.

*Lean.* Here comes my secretary—the fertility of his  
brain may perhaps suggest me some mode of relief—What  
news, Berto?

*Ber.* Excellent!—Rosina and Martufo have had very  
sharp words together—

*Lean.* Perhaps she loves me still,

*Lind.* Nothing more likely.

*Ber.* A-propos, I have persuaded the Guardian that  
you have a great regard for him—I hope I have done  
right. He said he would wait on you—Lo! here he is.

*Lind.* Oh, Mr. Martufo, are you here? You are a  
very pretty fellow—I never thought that you could treat  
me in such a rough manner as you have done.

*Ber.* The fumes of jealousy have made her a little

to angry—you must tell her some soft things,

*Mar.* And endeavour to mollify her.

*Mar.* Upon my soul, Madam, I look upon you with  
the same veneration as I would upon the Goddess Penelope.

*Lind.* I thank you for your classical compliment.

*Ber.* You must make use of tender expressions.

*Mar.* Yes, Madam, you are a thousand times more  
plump and attractive than Venus when she was a virgin—  
you possess the grace of Proserpina, and the modesty of

Megera—I hope you approve the elegance of my address.—[To Berto.]

*Ros.* Where is the dear object of my heart? My passion is so violent, that when my love is from me every place is desert, and I, methinks, am savage and forlorn; his presence only 'tis can make me blest, heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

*Lean.* (Ah, Rosina! when I behold that lovely face, my heavy heart leaves its doleful beating, and bounds with sprightly joy.)

*Ros.* (I must still pretend that I am in love with the Guardian.) So, Mr. Martufo, you are here with your fine lady.—Cruel man! is it thus you reward the sincerity of my affections?

*Lind.* Oh! what do I hear?—How can you, Sir, have the assurance of making protestations of love to me, while you are engaged to another? I am astonished at your treacherous behaviour.

*Mar.* (I find myself betwixt the hammer and the anvil.)

*Lean.* You cannot but have a design on the honour of my sister, you are a villain—

*Lind.* Brother, brother, don't be so hasty—I have been so imprudent as to give him some encouragement—the fault is entirely mine.

*He is false, and yet I love him with unabated passion, he is still the lord of all my wishes—Pray, dear brother, forgive him. Don't be afraid that he'll ever marry Rosina—I am quite sure that I shall have him myself, and that your sincerity and perseverance will soon dispel the clouds that obstruct your happiness.*

[Exit,

SCENE

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Exit,  
ENE

Ed avete una faccia Lusinghiera,  
Ancor più di Proserpina, e Megera.

Và ben così ?

[A. Ber.

Rof. Più non resisto, oh Dio !

Io corro a vagheggiar l' idolo mio.

Lean. (O ciel ! l' aspetto del mio caro bene  
Mi fa bollir il sangue nelle vene.)

Rof. (Conviene simular.) Signor Tutore,  
Così voi mi schernite ?

Lind. In tal modo Signor voi mi tradite ?

Mar. (Sono in un gran viluppo.)

Lean. Chi vi diede l' ardire  
Di venir a oltraggiar in casa mia  
L'onor di mia sorella ?  
Temerario.— Lind. Fratello  
Non v' adirate---oh Dio !  
Egli colpa non ha, la rea son io.

*Sento che amor*

*Mi fa palpitar*—

*Calmate oh Dio !*

*Sì ria furor*—

*Sarà contento*

*Il vostro amante cor* ;

*Un lieto evento*

*Vi deve consolar.*

*Qual tra le nubi*

*Il balenar del sole*

*Veder si suole,*

*E far più lieto il di :*

*Così di speme al lucido balena*

*Da questo seno*

*Ogni timor fuggì,*

[Parte.

SCENA

## S C E N A IV.

Martufo, Rosina, Leandro, e Berto,

*Mar.* Andiam Rosina, andiamo,

Se qui più ci fermiamo

Le faccende van male,

Ed ho timore che non vadan peggio.

*Ros.* (Per torgli ogni sospetto andar io deggio.)

[*Parte con Martufo*]

*Lean.* Ah Berto, i tuoi raggiri

Hanno giovato poco.

*Ber.* In amor fa mestieri aver pazienza,

Chi la vince, la dura.

*Lean.* Non v' è al mondo un amante

Più paziente di me, nè più costante,

Ma gran paura ho che 'l destino infido

Martire non mi faccia di Cupido,

*Il caro bene*

*Mi lascia in pene;*

*Amor tiranno,*

*Che mai farà?*

*Smanio deliro,*

*Piango e soffiro;*

*Il cor d'affanno*

*Mancando va.*

[*Parte*]

## S C E N A V.

GIARDINO.

Berto e Martufo, *indi* Lindora, *pascia* Don Leandro, Rosina,

*Ber.* Caro Signor Martufo

Voi siete veramente fortunato,

*Mar.* Come un can bastonato.

*Ber.* Che volete di più, quando una Dama

Per ispozo vi brama,

Una Dama gentile

Amabile

## SCENE IV.

Martufo, Rosina, Leander, and Berto.

*Mar.* to *Ros.* (Rosina, you need not doubt my sincerity—I came here to court this lady, only for the purpose of inflaming your desires with a little jealousy, my dear). Let us go home; to remain here any longer is rather dangerous.

*Ros.* (I must go with him, lest he should discover my artifice.) [Exit. with Mar.]

*Lean.* Ah, Berto! all your stratagems have availed me nothing.

*Ber.* Patience and time run through the roughest day—you need but persevere in your pursuit, and I am quite sure that, soon or late, you'll gain your end. [Exit.]

*Lean.* There never was a lover more patient and steady than I am; but I am afraid that my cruel destiny has marked me out for one of the martyrs of love.

*My charmer flies from these longing arms, looks on me with indifference and disdain, and to my burning ceaseless sighs seems as deaf as the winds and the rocks unshaken. Oh, my bard fate! Why did I trust her ever! I have no reason left that can assist me: and that eating canker grief, preys on my poor bleeding heart without intermission.* [Exit.]

## SCENE V.

A GARDEN.

Berto and Martufo, then Lindora, afterwards Leander and Rosina.

*Ber.* Mr. Martufo, you are indeed very fortunate.

*Mar.* O yes, I am a happy dog!

*Ber.* Sure you cannot but think it a very extraordinary luck

luck to be loved by a noble and beautiful lady, who has prodigious fortune in India.

*Mar.* We'll talk of this another time—I must go and meet Rosina, who is waiting for me.

*Ber.* Stay but a moment—here the lady comes.

*Mar.* (What torment !)

*Lind.* Oh, my dear Mr. Martufo, my love, my life, my soul—

*Ber.* What enchanting words !

*Mar.* Softly, softly, Madam; I don't chuse to have any dispute with your brother, he is too violent.

*Lind.* You need not have any fear—I can prevail on him to make it up with you, you shall be good friends.

*Mar.* What do I see ! the saucy Spaniard talking to Rosina !—What can be the subject of their conversation ?

*Ros.* You may well rest assured that it is not in my power to change my affections.

*Mar.* (What affections does she mean !)

*Lean.* Mr. Martufo, I am very happy to see you.

*Mar.* Pray, what business have you with this lady, Sir?

*Lean.* I was only paying her my respects, in the form of mere civility, which you know is a tribute due to the fair sex.

*Madam,* if you chuse to take a walk, I offer you my humble service.

*Ros.* [gives her hand to Lean.] With all my heart, your company is too agreeable to be refused.

*Mar.* (This looks something more than common civility.)

*Ber.* to *Lind.* Madam Lindora, can I presume to ask the same favour ?

*Lind.* [gives her hand to Ber.] I have no objection to lend you my arm; but with regard to my heart, I have ready given it to Mr. Martufo.

*Mar.* Why, they say nothing to me, and I am left alone, as if I did not deserve their company.

Amabile vezzosa,  
 Che nell' Indie Spagnuole  
 Possiede un monte d' oro.

*Mar.* Parleremo di questo un'altra volta:  
 Voglio andar a veder dov' è Rosina.

*Ber.* Fermatevi un momento;  
 Ecco appunto Lindora. *Mar.* (O che tormento!)

*Lind.* Martufino carino;  
 Viscere del mio cor; idolo mio—  
 O che belle parole inzuccherate!

*Mar.* Madamina bel bello,  
 Io non voglio aver guai con suo fratello.

*ind.* Non temete di nulla voglio adessò  
 Che facciate la pace.

*Mar.* (Rosina! oh Ciel che fa con quell' audace!)

*Sof.* Ancora ch' io volessi, non potrei  
 Cangiar gli affetti miei.

*Mar.* (Di chi parla?) *Lean.* Signore  
 La salute di core.

*Mar.* Che fa lei con Rosina?

*an.* Della galanteria seguo lo stile,  
 Con le Dame conviene esser civile.

Per servirla mia Signora  
 La sua destra lei mi dia.

*Ros.* Bella sorte ch' è la mia,  
 Troppe grazie lei mi fa. [Dà il braccio a Lean.]

*Mar.* (Non saprei che cosa dire:  
 Ma par troppa civiltà.)

*t. a Lind.* Io la servo con piacere;  
 Con affetto ed umiltà.

*Lind.* Io così per non pare re;  
 Ma chi adoro già si sa. [Dà il braccio a Berto.]

*Mar.* E frattanto a solo a solo  
 Or Martufo se n' sta.

Lind.

Lind. Ah che Ciel sereno è questo !  
 Ros. Camminiamo un po' più presto.  
 Ber. Più bel loco non si dà.  
 Mar. Miei Signori dove andate ?  
      Dove Diavol passeggiate ?  
 Ber. Non temete, eccoci quâ.  
 Lind. Bel piacere ! bel godere !  
 Mar. Ah ch' io schiatto in verità.  
 Lean. Un ardore io sento in petto.  
 Ros. Un affetto sento anch' io.  
 Lind. Sì sì venga ancora lei.  
 Mar. Voglio andar pe' fatti miei.  
 Ros. {  
 Lean. Qui contento ognun farà.  
 A. 4. Qui contento ognun farà.  
 Mar. (O che rabbia ! Io crepo già.)  
 Lean. Che delizie ! amico mio.  
 Ros. Qui star sempre avrei desio.  
 Ber. Qui si vive in allegria,  
      Qui non v' è malinconia,  
      Bel soggiorno è questo quâ.  
 Mar. (O che rabbia ! Io crepo già.)  
 Lean. Conte smania, come freme !  
      Non ci può veder insieme,  
      E non fa che borbottar.  
 Mar. Son le volpi unite insieme  
 (Da se.) Fan consiglio pian pianino,  
      E non posso, che destino !  
      Io non posso taroccar.

[Partono Berto, Lindora, e Leandri.

SCENA

Lind. The weather is exceedingly fine.

Ros. Let us walk a little faster, that the Guardian may not hear us.

Ber. Faith, I never saw a more delightful place than this.

Mar. But pray, what are you about? Whither are you going?

Ber. We are only taking a walk round the garden.

Lind. I am quite enchanted with the serenity of the sky.

Mar. (I am almost bursting with rage.)

Lean. Sweet Rosina, I will make a nosegay for you of roses and lilies, to shew the ardour and candour of my affections.

Ros. But I hope that they will be more lasting than flowers are.

Lind. Mr. Martufo, why don't you join us.

Mar. No, no, I want to go home; Rosina, let us go.

Ros. Why will you deprive us so soon of this innocent

Lean. recreation?

Mar. (Hell and confusion!)

Lean. Sir, Miss Rosina begs you will let her stay a little longer in the garden.

Ros. I don't wish to go home so soon.

Ber. She likes the company---we are all merry---you must indulge her.

Mar. (I can no longer contain myself.)

Lean. The Guardian frets and fumes---he seems in a violent passion on our account.

Mar. [apart.] What the Devil are they whispering now?---That impudent Don is a Volpone---I won't suffer him to remain any longer with Rosina.

[Exeunt Berto, Lindora, and Leander.]

## SCENE VI.

*Martufo and Rosina, then Leander, unseen by Martufo.*

*Mar.* But pray, Rosina, do you mean to make a fool of me? You'll find it a very hard chapter—You use me very cruelly indeed.

*Ros.* But, Sir, how can you still pretend to be jealous of me, after having engaged your heart with Madam Linda.

*Mar.* There's no such a thing—you are the sole object, the only scope of my wishes.

*Ros.* And you are the magnet of my affections, the idol and sole delight of my soul.

[*Rosina addresses these words to Leander, whom she sees behind.*]

*Mar.* O sweet delicious words! they fire my heart at such a rate, that they make it melt away like butter.

*Lea.* [behind.] Dear Rosina, every thing is ready for our mutual happiness, you must not delay it any longer. As soon as the Guardian turns about, give him the slip; I wait here for you.

*Ros.* Your wishes are mine, and I am entirely yours.

*Mar.* Oh, what an innocent delicious creature—let me kiss your lilly-hand.

[*Lean. gives his hand to Martufo, who kisses it thinking to kiss that of Rosina.*]

*Ros.* Cupid has transfix'd my heart with all his arrows, and you are the only mortal that can heal my wound.

*Ob!* there's a celestial music in your words—your protestations of love are so dear to me, that they make my heart spring like the first leaps of life. Only

## SCENA VI.

Martufo e Rosina, indi Leandro, non veduto da Martufo.

*Mar.* Ma cos' è quest' imbroglio?

Rosina tu mi fai

Vivere in tanta pena,

Che 'l cor fa co' polmoni all' altalena,

*Ros.* Ma voi Signor Tutore

A Lindora donato avete il core,

*Mar.* Eh non è vero niente,

Tue sei l' unico oggetto

Di questo cor, tu sei

La sola speme degli affetti miei,

*Ros.* Io qui pure rimiro la mia vita,

Dé quest' alma la vera calamita.

[Rosina dice queste parole a Leandro, che le sta dietro.

*Mar.* Che dolci parole!

Dall' estremo contento,

Dal gran piacer io liquefar mi sento.

*Lean.* Adorato mio bene

[Di dietro.

Senza indugio fuggir meco conviene,

*Ros.* Sono pronto di far ciò che bramate,

*Mar.* Che cara innocentina!

O che dolce manina!

[Lean. porge la mano la quale Mar. bacia credendo  
baciare quella di Rosina, Lean poi viene dall' altra  
parte, e bacia la mano di Rosina, senza esser veduto  
da Mar., e le parla all' orecchio.

*Ros.* La ferita mortale

Che in mezzo al cor io porto

Da voi solo mio Ben spera conforto.

*Idol mio que' cari accenti*

*Colman l' alma di contento;*

*Care voci sì vi sento*

*Risuonare in mezzo al cor-*

*Dalla*

*Dalla gioja, dal diletto  
Non so dir dove son io;  
Vorrei star coll' idol mia,  
Vorrei gir, ma poi m' arresto;  
Qual farà se non è questo  
Un equivoco d'amor?*

[Parte, e Martufo volendola trattenere prende la mano di Leandro in vece di quella di Rosina.

## SCENA VII.

Martufo e Leandro, indi Lindora.

*Mar.* Deh fermati Rosina per un poco,  
Che almen possa esalare il mio gran foco—  
Giove Capitolino, o Dei Penati!  
Che cosa mai rimiro?

*Lean.* Sicchè con frodi e inganni  
Adescar tu volevi mia sorella?

*Mar.* Ma Signor con chi parla?

*Lean.* Parlo con te, non sai tu chi son io?  
Inarca ben le ciglia,  
Tu vedi in me l' onor della Castiglia;  
Se non chiedi perdono del tuo fallo,  
Del tuo malnato cor prima ch' io vada  
Un fodero vo' far alla mia spada.

*Mar.* (O poveretto me!) *Lind.* Che cosa è stato?  
(Io son precipitato:)

Se m' uccidete, m' uccidete a torto,

*Lind.* Ah non ho core di vederlo morto,

*Lean.* Se vuoi salvar la vita

Rinunziare tu devi alla Rosina,

*Mar.* Aspetti un sol istante.

*Lean.* Aspettar io non voglio.

*Mar.* (Sono in un brutto imbroglio.)

Ma prima ch' io rinunzi

Del mio fondato amore al giusto titolo,

I pensieri chiamar voglio a capitolo.

think of our future happiness, makes a secret joy trickle through all my veins---yet there is still some fear checks my resolution. What shall I do?---My love, my soul---adieu.

[Exit, and Martufo, endeavouring to stop her, lays hold of the hand of Lean, whom he takes for Ros. as above.

### S C E N E VII.

*Martufo and Leander, then Lindora.*

*Mar.* Stay, stay, Rosina, let me assure you that the furnace of my love and my adamantine faith—O Gemini! what's this?

*Lean.* I am come to call you to an account respecting my sister---I am assured that you have an ill design on her---so draw---be quick—

*Mar.* Who are you speaking to?

*Lean.* To you, sirrah—Look at me, I am a Castilian lord, a Grandee of the first class---You have had the audacity of offering an insult to my illustrious family, and you don't fall immediately on your knees, and ask me pardon, I'll sheathe this toledo into your guts.

*Mar.* (Ah, wretched me! I am in a sad scrape!)

*Lind.* What's the matter here?

*Mar.* (I am undone---he looks as fierce as a hungry lion.) But stay, Sir---do not kill me---I don't chuse to, especially now that I am in good health.

*Lind.* Oh, dear brother, don't kill him, wait at least till he have married me, that I may be a widow.

*Lean.* There is no other way to save your life, but to give up Rosina.

*Mar.* But, Sir, don't be quite so hasty.

*Lean.* Quick, quick resolve, I can brook no delay.

*Mar.* (What a dreadful alternative!) But, Sir, I love Rosina, and ere I part with her, I must take this matter into serious consideration.

My

My mind is hanging betwixt love and fear---I am at a loss what to do. What is it you pretend of me? you will have Rosina for yourself---well, since I am forced to it, take her---Oh, cruel misfortune! But, Sir, I am in love with Rosina---No, no, no, Sir, I ask your pardon---What do I say? where am I? my head turns about like a whirligig; my brains are fermenting to madness---What will become of poor Martufo!

[Exit]

## SCENE VIII.

Lindora and Leander.

Lind. Every thing goes right; Rosina is at my house and appears perfectly convinced of the sincerity of your affections:

Lean. I go instantly for a lawyer, in order to put a conclusion to our marriage.

Lind. As to the marriage, she does not seem to be quite so ready for it.

Lean. Is it possible? Oh, sister! you stab me to the heart with this intelligence.

Lind. You must not mind it---I wonder you don't know, that women have a trick of saying no, while they mean yes:

Lean. Go, dear Lindora; go, lose no time, and in my name conjure the charming Rosina not to rack me any longer with delay, unless she wishes to see me expire at her feet.

Tell her that Cupid has shot all his fires into my soul, that my heart will burst to leap into her bosom.

*Fra l' amore e fra l' timore  
 Poverello che farà!  
 Che pretende mio Signore?  
 Vuol ch' io lasci quest' amore;  
 Sì Signor lo lascierò:  
 Ma Rosina mia diletta—  
 Ah disdetta maledetta!  
 Sì che l' amo—Ah no perdono;  
 Ma che dico! dove sono?  
 Il cervello se ne va.  
 Il mio capo intorno gira—  
 Qual molino esposto al vento;  
 Più non vedo, più non sento,  
 Infelice che farò!*

[Parte.]

## SCENA VIII.

Lindora e Don Leandro.

Lind. Ogni cosa va bene,  
 Rosina è a casa mia;  
 E dell' affetto vostro or è convinta.  
 Lean. Vò a cercar un notaro  
 Per affrettar il nostro matrimonio.  
 Lind. In quanto al matrimonio, no mi pare  
 Che sia disposta a farlo così presto.  
 Lean. Oh Dio! morir mi sento.  
 Lind. Non temete di ciò; già le zittelle  
 Sono tutte così,  
 Il loro no significa di sì.  
 Lean. Parlate tu per me cara Lindora,  
 Dille che senza lei viver non so,  
 Che se indugia un momento, io morirò.

*Al mio ben tu le dirai  
 Che nel laccio amor m' ha preso,  
 Senti ancor: tu le dirai,  
 Che quegli occhi suoi furbetti,*

*Quelle guance, quei labbretti  
Già mi fanno spasimare.  
Se poi l' amabile  
Mia bella Venere  
Alle mie lagrime,  
Alle mie Suppliche,  
Spietata e rigida  
Si vuol mstrar,  
Dille che fmano,  
Dille che peno,  
Dille che l' anima  
Stà per mancar.*

[Part]

## S C E N A IX.

*Lindora indi Berto.*

*Lind.* Eh molto non farà la schizzinosa;  
Ogni ragazza brama d' esser sposa.  
Io spero pur di ritrovar marito,  
E quantunque Martufo  
Abbia un po' del balordo, e non sia molto  
Gentile di sembiante' non m' importa.  
Egli è ricco sfondato, e ciò mi basta.  
Dice bene il proverbio,  
I contanti fan tutto,  
Un uom senza danari è goffo e brutto.

[Part]

## S C E N A X.

*BOSCHETTO.*

*Martufo, indi Berto, e poi Don Leandro, Rosina e Lindora.*

*Mar.* Maledetto Spagnuolo!  
M' involò la Pupilla—Ah se la trovo,  
Voglio chiuderla in casa

C

som ; that her amazing beauties have quite turned my brain ; that expectation burns me ; and that there is no rest, no life, no felicity, no heaven for me, but in the possession of her charms. [Exit.

## S C E N E IX.

Lindora, then Berto.

Lind. Oh, she will soon be reconciled to his wishes—  
There's not a girl but hankers after a husband ; for my own part, I have long been in that case, but have had the misfortune of meeting with many disappointments. I am, however, in hopes of succeeding with Mr. Martufo. It is true, that he looks a little like a baboon, and that he is neither young nor wise ; but he has many thousands at his command—that's enough for me. Let a poor man be never so ingenious, elegant in his manners, and agreeable in his person, poverty will be sure to give him the character of a fool, and to make him appear as ugly as the Devil. [Exit,

## S C E N E X.

A Wood.

Martufo, then Berto, and afterwards Leander, Rosina, and Lindora.

Mar. I wish this cursed Spaniard had been hanged before I knew him—I am afraid he has run away with my Ward---Ah : if I can but get her once more into my clutches, I will lock her up in a dark room, and never

uffer her to see the light, till she consent to have me for her husband.—Where is my Rosina? I thought she was at home; but alas! she has abandoned me. Oh! the torture of jealousy! O! plague me, Heaven, with all the woes that man can suffer, but save me from the torments of jealous love!

*Ber.* What do you make this caterwauling for?

*Mar.* My Ward, my Rosina! I will have her back, I can't live without her—If any body has seduced her away, I'll prosecute him without mercy.

*Ber.* She is perhaps only gone to take a walk, or maybe she is on a visit in the neighbourhood.

*Mar.* You are very right, my good friend, what you say is very probable. Pray, help me to find her out... keep a strict watch on this side, while I look on the other.

*Ber.* I suppose she is safe enough with Leander.

*Lean.* All my cares are over.

*Ros.* My sufferings are at an end.

*Lean.* O, delicious moments!

*Ros.* O my soul's joy!

*Ber.* I congratulate you on your happiness.

*Lean.* We have indeed reached the summit of felicity.

*Ber.* But the Guardian is raving with all the madness of despair.

*Ros.* Hold, hold, I will play him a trick, now I am married, and not afraid of him; so I'll get into his house.

*Lean.* And if he should ask where you are—

*Ros.* Tell him that you don't know.

Con doppio chiavistello,  
E voglio anche alla barba del demonio  
Conchiuder su due piedi il matrimonio.

Rosina dov' è andata?  
In casa io la credea—  
Ancor non è tornata,  
E non so dir dov' è.  
Rosina! oh Gelosia!

Ber. Amico cosa avete?  
Mar. Voglio Rosina mia,  
O chi me l' ha rubata,  
L' avrà da far con me.  
Ber. Può esser che qui intorno  
Passeggi, o sia vicina.  
Mar. E' vero—poverina!  
Mi piace quel che dite;  
Amico non partite,  
Mentr' io da questa parte  
La vado a ricercar.

[Parte.]

Ber. La cosa mi sorprende,  
Non so cosa pensar.  
Lean. Son cessati i miei tormenti.  
Ros. E' finito il mio penar.  
Lean. O che amabili momenti!  
Ros. O che lieto giubilar!  
Ber. Bravi bravi mi consolo.  
Lean. E' felice il nostro stato.  
Ber. Ma il Tutore disperato  
Sento ancora a taroccar.  
Ros. State zitti, or or vedrete  
Bella burla che gli fo:  
Più timor di lui non ho,  
Nella casa voglio entrar.  
Lean. E se dice dove siete—  
Ros. Dite pur che no 'l sapete—

[Parte.]

Ber.

Ber. Poverello! il suo cervello  
Lo vedremo vacillar.

Mar. da se. E' fuggita certamente;  
Ecco quà quell' insolente  
Che mi vuole trucidar.

Lean. (Ah Martuso traditore !)

Mar. Gli è passato il mal umore?

La Rosina innocentina,  
Mi saprebbe dir dov' è?

Lean. Non so niente in quanto a me.

Mar. Voi neppur sapete niente?

Ber. Non so nulla per mia fè!

Mar. Ah! pur troppo il mio rigore  
L' ha cacciata via di quà.

Ber. Ah! che il povero Tutore  
Si dispera in verità.

Lind. Padrone mio caro  
Si sa cosa avete?

Turbato vi vedo,  
Mi fate tremar.

Mar. Signora Lindora  
Perduto ho Rosina,

E sì gran rovina  
Mi fa disperar.

Lean. Senz' altro è fuggita  
Rimedio non vedo.

Mar. Pur troppo lo credo  
Mi fate gelar.

Lind. Non v' ama colei  
Vi fugge vi sprezza;

Ed io con dolcezza,  
Vi so sempre amar.

Ber. Amico, che sorte!  
Sposatela a vista.

Ber. We shall soon see him with a strait jacket on.

Mar. [apart] She is absolutely eloped, gone---Oh! here is the Spanish braggadocio; but I'm afraid to quarrel with him, for fear he should murder me in earnest.

Lean. (How Martufo stares at me!)

Mar. I hope, Sir, you are a little cool now---Pray, do you know any thing of Rosina?

Lean. Not I.

Mar. And you, have you heard any thing of her?

Ber. I have heard nothing.

Mar. Alas! I fear that the severity of my treatment has caused her to quit me.

Ber. The poor Guardian is inconsolable.

Lind. Pray, good Mr. Martufo, what has happened to you, that you look so pale and dejected?

Mar. Ah! Madam Lindora, I have lost Rosina---I'm the wretchedest creature that ever crawled on earth.

Lean. Well, if she does not chuse to be with you, there is no remedy.

Mar. Alas! I am afraid it is too true, that she does not like me.

Lind. Well, since you are convinced that she has an aversion to you, why do you trouble yourself about her? you must think of some other lady---I know one that likes you.

Ber. Don't you understand what she means, don't lose his golden opportunity, strike up a match.

Lean.

*Lean.* I do insist on your marrying her---it is the only reparation you can make to her honour.

*Mar.* I am in a strange perplexity---I don't know what to do.---O gemini! what do I see? Rosina, Rosina---you was in the house, how comes this?

*Ros.* My dear husband---

*Mar.* Do you call me your husband! O lovely Rosina, that enchanting word has made me recover my senses in an instant.

*Lean.* I am her husband---she speaks to me!

*Mer.* I am mad again---

*Lind.* Well, my love, my life, what do you say to me?

*Lean.* You shall have the honour of being brother-in-law to a Grandee of Spain.

*Mar.* My mind is out of tune; I am in a high fever.

*Ber.* Let not your passion prevail over your reason; since there is another beautiful lady that loves you, your disappointment is but a trifle.

*Mar.* Don't talk to me of a trifle---I remember the story of the treasure---You are a set of villains---I have been tricked, bamboozled, and imposed upon by all the world.

*Ros.* Here I am at your feet, and implore your mercy---I shall not get up till you forgive me.

*Mar.* This act of submission has abated my fury---Well, since you are married, I forgive you.

*Lean.* Via presto alle corte  
Sposatela adesso.

*Mar.* Confuso, perplesso  
Non so che mi far,  
Oh Diabol ! che cosa  
Vedete occhi miei !  
In casa tu sei,  
Ciò come può star !

*Ros.* Sposino mio bello.  
*Mar.* Sposino ! che dite ?  
Io palpito oh Dio !

*Lean.* Lo sposo son io,  
Discorre con me.

*Mar.* Ahimè ! già vacillo  
*Ber.* Amico ch' è stato ?  
*Lind.* Mio sole adorato,  
*Lean.* Cognato mio bello.

*Mar.* Mi sento il cervello  
Per l' aria volar.

*Ber.* L' affanno, e lo sdegno  
Vi prego placar.

*Mar.* Venir con minacce !  
Con vezzi ed inchini ;  
Parlar di tesoro —  
Furfanti assassini,  
M' affoga la bile,  
Che farmi non so.

*Ros.* Eccomi a' vostri piedi,  
inginocchia.) Che del mio pianto bago,  
Col fido mio compagno  
Mai cesserò di piangere,  
Di qui non partirò.

*Mar.* Non so cosa mi fare :  
(si alza.) Costei m' ha intenerito,

Quell' altro è suo marito;

Rimedio più non v' è.

*Lind.* Per voi farò amorosa,

Son io la fida sposa,

La man porgete a me.

*Mar.* Oh via non son tiranno,

V' accetto, vi perdono.

*Ros.* } Ah dal contento io sono

*Lind.* } Vicino a delirar.

*Lean.* Amanti voi vedete

Come si prende gioco

De nostri cori Amor.

*Ros.* Coraggio, non temete,

Ei solo a poco a poco

L' affanno ed il dolor

In gioja può cangiar.

IL FINE.



*Lind.* Now, Mr. Martufo, it is time for us to conclude our match---you may be sure that I shall prove a good wife.

*Mar.* A wife I will have, and as women are all alike, I may as well marry you as another---so here is my hand!

*Rof.* } Let mirth go on; let pleasure know no pause,  
*Lind.* } But fill up every minute of the day.  
*Lean.*

*Lean.* Cupid has at last crowned ovr wishes with happiness.

*Rof.* *The joy that fills our hearts may serve to prove  
 That there is true felicity in love.*

THE END.

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221